

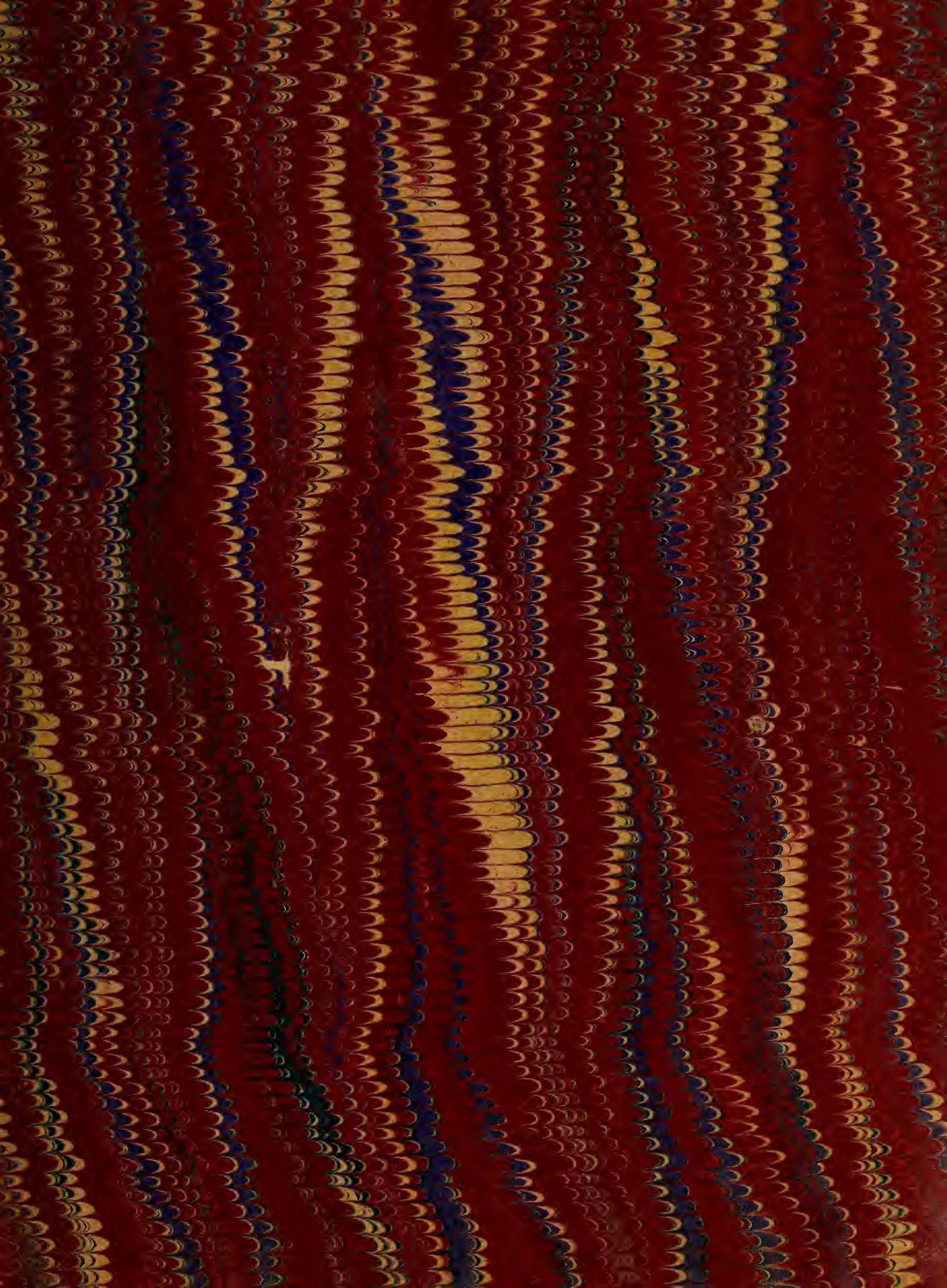


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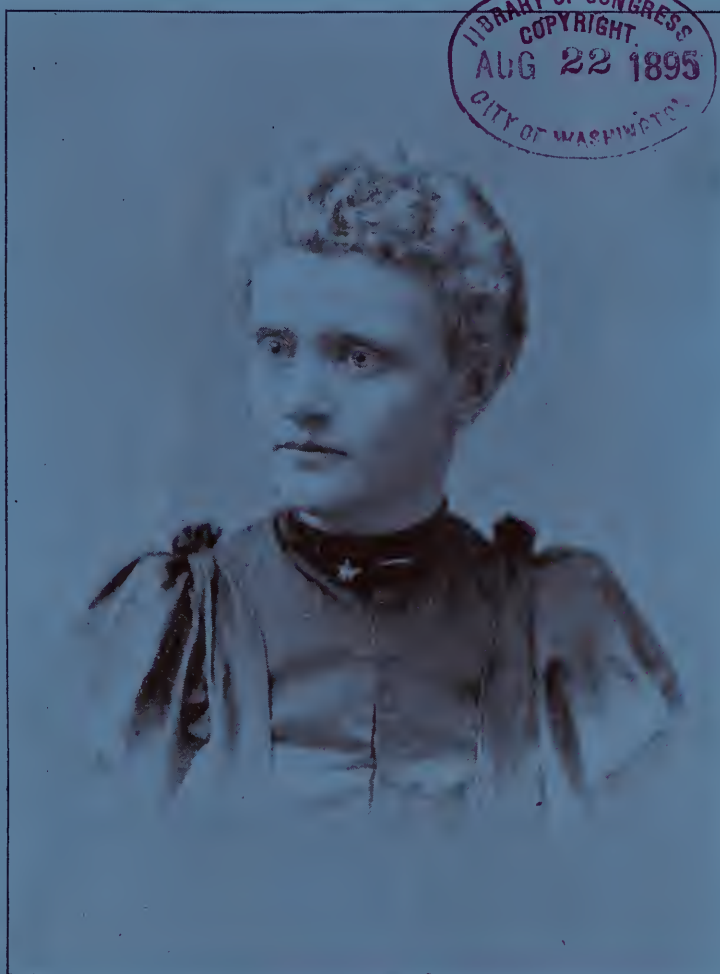
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Dreamland



STARS

AND OTHER POEMS



By CATHERINE A. TIERNEY



Dreamland
Stars * *



AND OTHER
POEMS ○ ○

BY

CATHERINE A. TIERNEY



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Copyright, 1894,
BY CATHERINE A. TIERNEY.

To the Memory of Her Father,

This Work

Is Affectionately Inscribed by the Author.

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DREAMLAND STARS.

ONLY a star from the land of dreams,
Drifting across the shadowy Here ;
Only a star, by whose struggling beams
Lives may be brightened, far and near.

Only a star from the distant shore,
Known to but sages and wise men true ;
Only a star, like to those of yore,
Save that its brightness is sent to you.

Only a star like the bright and fair,
Sparkling more clearly in heaven's dome ;
Only a star from the upper air,
Hovering over an humble home.

Only a star in our little sphere,
Each of us doomed through a life to be ;
Only a light to the loved ones dear,
Only a guide for their eyes to see.

Only a star in eternity's crown,
Needed, though small, in the hosts above ;
Only a star that has drifted down,
Brightly to gleam on the path of love.

Only a star from the land of dreams,
Drifting across the shadowy Here ;
Only a star, by whose struggling beams
Lives may be brightened, far and near.

A REALISM.

NOT as we willed it has our dream come true,
The time, the place, the very fact seems new ;
E'en tho' the hopes we've cherished, year by year,
Have by our yearnings made full doubly dear,
Still 'tis not as we fancied it would be.
Through mystic glamour now we clearly see
The path, we dreamed with dewy roses spread,
Bears many wilted leaves and blossoms dead.
'Tis not to wander idly, gladly o'er,
And meet no stumbling blocks nor sorrows sore ;
Dull duty, more than love, doth mark the way,
And joys fleet fast, while yet the cares do stay.
'Tis long to wait for guidance from above,
Heaven's light shines not with all the glare we love ;
In struggling on we learn we must not choose,
Fate's chance each soul must bide, then take or lose.
Ah well for him who waits divine decree,
The future asking not to know nor see ;
Who, childlike, takes each day its store of joy,
Nor mingles it with prescient woe's alloy ;
Who dreams no day dreams that can ne'er come true.
And peers no farther than the path in view.

WAITING FOR THE BOYS TO GROW.

MOTHER, in the cottage yonder,
Why into the future wander,
Wishing for your boys to grow?
Childhood love is better, purer,
Of them you are ever surer,
Ere into the world they go.

While unto your voice they hearken,
Ne'er a shade they'll cause to darken
Your young motherhood's bright sky;
Take, each hour, its store of pleasures,
Sure love's choicest, richest treasures
Round your babies' childhood lie.

Wait not for the days you're planning,
All bright omens ever scanning,
Dreaming day dreams for your boys;
Others, too, have lost life's sweetness,
Lost their hopes in full completeness,
All by wasting present joys.

Future 's oft a strange undoing
Of the castles now we're viewing,
Tow'ring castles in the air;
So, fond mother, cease your yearning,
Taste the sweets you now are spurning,
While your babes are free from care.

AFTER-WISE.

MY thoughts above the earth had flown,
With fairy wings on 'high,
To where the twinkling stars were strewn,
Like diamonds in the sky;
A melody ran through my brain,
A poet's grandest song,
And all enraptured with the strain,
I coursed my way along.

Alas! It was the winter time!
The walk was flecked with ice!
Entranced with the melodious rhyme—
Oh, gracious! In a trice
My feet went up, my head came down,
I saw ten million stars;
That poet I pronounced a clown,
And wished his song in—Mars.

Henceforward I shall shun all songs
About the stars and sky;
My thought to this world all belongs,
No more I gaze on high.
I'm studying the solid earth,
The power of icy glaze;
Old gravitation's wondrous worth,
And oddly, tricky ways.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

CARRY them out from your homes and your bowers,
Far from the loved ones who walk by your side ;
Pluck them away from your highly-prized flowers ;
In the dark forests in secrecy hide
Rank weeds of hatred your manhood has cherished,
Selfishness, sucking the life from your heart.
Bury them deep, with the seeds that have perished,
Under the leaves, far from life's busy mart.

Bury the hopes that the summer has blighted,
With them the wrongs that brood passion and woe ;
Ev'ry grave ill that can never be righted,
Bigotry, jealousy, lay them all low,
Under the leaves, left by winds unmolested,
Bearing no fruit of fierce passion and strife ;
Under the leaves, where these dread ills detested,
Losing their prestige, with it lose their life.

Under the leaves, by our pathway now lying,
Carefully, tenderly, plant we with care,
Seeds that will live while the old year is dying,
And in the new time spring forth, fresh and fair.
Seeds of sweet faith in the friends now beside us,
Seeds of a love that will never grow old,
Seeds of a hope that whatever betide us,
Safe we will rest in the heavenly fold.

MOTHER'S PIANO.

HOW well do I remember, dears,
The evenings, long gone by ;
I did not mean to shed these tears,
Nor let you hear me sigh.
But that piano was my friend
In girlhood's happy hours ;
It has both joy and hope to lend,
And gracious soothing powers.

My mother purchased it for me,
It was her boast and pride ;
Its harshest note is melody,
To me, none 's sweet beside.
When twilight 's stealing round me here,
Its notes bring back again
The old home faces, fondly dear,
That beamed upon me then.

And as the shadows deeper grow,
A manly form I see—
The father, whom you once did know,
Now in eternity.
Oh, darlings, he too loved its tone ;
When evening shadows fell
His voice oft blended with my own ;
But why that story tell?

Another form its melody
Bids fancy bring to view ;
'Tis of a child as dear to me
As is each one of you.

Her tiny hands, long cold in death,
Have often strayed along
Those yellow keys, her girlish breath
Oft o'er them played in song.

No, dears, I cannot with it part,
The story of my life it tells ;
It cheers me, though the tear drops start,
And joy rings through its funeral knells.
It still has hope my heart to cheer,
The hope that soon again I'll see
The forms which, tho' but mem'ries here,
Abide safe in eternity.

MY QUIETUS.

[ET no one weep for me when I shall die,
Nor shadow life by wearing weeds of woe.
Why should my passing cause a tear or sigh,
E'en tho' beloved I were of all below?
Oh, weak indeed must be that Christian mind,
Which cannot look across the mould'ring tomb,
And there, upon the farther border find
Each hope secure, with no attending doom.
My death should be, if I but live aright,
A passing thro' the portals of God's love,
The entrance to a day eternal, bright,
With all the glory of the realms above.
Then, if my loved ones wish to say farewell,
Let them bring blossoms, fragrant, lily white,
And trust no tear nor sigh on earth to tell
My entrance to the world of life and light.

A WORD OF CHEER.

A LITTLE thing, you tell me, was that word
Which in his childish heart the longing stirred
To lead a life, by learning's blessings crowned,
E'en though upon the hope his fortunes frowned;
Which cheered him on when friends grew cold and strange,
And wearied sought he for their cause of change.
That word to him a trifle, do you say?
Oh, then, if while you journey on the way
Of life, you meet a lowly, struggling child,
With chosen words, all hopeful, true and mild,
Bid him God speed, and bless his waiting life
With thoughts of cheer, they'll help him through the strife;
And when the goal is reached he'll not forget
The aid you gave him; though a trifle, yet
To him 'twill seem the greatest gift on earth,
If through it he becomes a man of worth.

FAREWELL TO A PASTOR.

FAREWELL! Farewell!

Oh, empty word! Can you our sorrow show?
The father, manly, gentle, from out our midst must go,
And leave for stranger hands to reap the seed he toiled to sow.

Farewell! Farewell!

Farewell! Farewell!

God guide and bless you in the onward way,
Our grief at parting thus we cannot hope to stay,
Again on earth we ne'er may meet, as in the now past day.

Farewell! Farewell!

Farewell! Farewell!

Were there no hope beyond these fleeting years,
No ray of comfort then would glimmer through our tears,
But we shall meet on high, your teaching quells all fears.

Farewell! Farewell!

MY OPTIMISM.

THE world is sad and cold, they say,
No friends will greet us on the way ;
There's naught to make the wand'rer gay,
Nor much to bid him seek to stay.

And yet, no world but this I know,
No joys but those which come and go
Upon my plane, right here below ;
Why should I then such joys forego ?

It may be, as religion tells,
In lands beyond more glory dwells ;
But fool is he who therefore sells
All joys and lists for funeral bells.

Let him, who wills aside to cast
The joys, the hopes, the pleasures vast,
Which crowd upon him thick and fast,
Enjoy his troubles to the last.

But give to me a cheerful heart,
That in all glee will take its part ;
I'll risk that it will bravely start
Me on the road to glory's mart.

I cannot deem that life was meant
To be one sorrow, wrinkled, bent,
With weeping tears o'er sorrows lent
By dreams, where real ones ne'er were sent.

Be happy, loyal, brave and just,
Enjoy the present, future trust,
Live honorably, and you must
Reach peace, when dust returns to dust.

A WOMANLY SOLILOQUY.

I'M twenty-five to-day, to-day!
Behind me lie the dewy fields,
The joy, the peace, that girlhood yields,
The triumphs of youth's fleeting hours,
And love's first, fragrant, dewy flowers.

I'm twenty-five to-day, to-day!
And would I, if I could, recall
The hours so tranquil, glad withal,
Ere first I learned grief's bitter thrall,
When life and love were all in all?

I'm twenty-five to-day, to-day!
Oh, yes, come back, my childish past!
Come back, if still you cannot last,
Across my life your brightness cast,
An instant let me hold you fast.

I'm twenty-five to-day, to-day!
Begone, ye ghosts of former things!
The gate to future open flings,
Aloud the call to duty rings,
Time rushes past on fleetest wings.

I'm twenty-five to-day, to-day!
Away, ah, yes, it must be so.
Stern duty more than love to know,
Is e'en the lot of all below;
My childhood, far from thee I go.
I'm twenty-five to-day, to-day!

A QUIZ.

WHAT right have you, Miss Velvet Hand, to scorn
This maid of toil you deem so lowly born
Because to earn her daily bread she 's proud,
And that as beggar she has never bowed,
Nor craved the right to live in idle bliss,
Like you, my dainty, velvet-fingered miss?
What right have you to scorn? again I say.
What lifted you above her, tell me, pray?
In what respect are you, my dear, her peer?
The right to scorn must rest with her, I fear.
You have no rights save those which others give,
For 'tis by others' toil alone you live.
Look up to her, she stands above you, far,
Indeed, no peer of working girl you are.
I'd choose her for my heart's true friend in need,
And trust her strength to aid by word and deed.
A woman true, she knows no idle wrong,
E'en though she hies from out hard labor's throng.

CLASS SONG.

WE are anchored to-night in the harbor of Hope,
And the future before us seems clear,
While the world and its glories are all in our scope,
And the sweetest of joys hover near.
We have met but few tempests on life's troubled sea,
For our voyage has lain by the coast;
But to-morrow far out in the ocean sail we,
Where our barks by fierce storms may be tossed.

And the sailors we meet on the voyage of life
Will care naught for a bark's glowing name ;
'Tis the way that it meets all the storms and the strife,
That secures for a good ship its fame.
For, although the ship's name may seem bright as the sun,
And its finish be ever so rare,
'Twill be wrecked on mid-ocean, with life's work undone,
If the structure is not planned with care.

THE NASTURTIUM.

I N mother's garden by the road,
With other flowers bright,
'Twas there the gay nasturtium loved
To greet the morning light.

It trailed along the old stone wall,
It nestled at our feet,
With shield-shaped leaves, and fragile stem,
And blossoms, dainty, sweet.

I love you, gay nasturtium flower,
Because you bring to me
The dear old scenes of childhood days,
Which ne'er again I'll see.

CLASS SONG.

MOTTO :—HAVING LAMPS THEY GAVE THEM ONE TO ANOTHER.

SAD good-bye and gladdest greeting
Mingle in this last fond meeting,
Gates to new life open swing.
Lamp of Knowledge bright is burning,
Child hearts earnestly are yearning
For the light that we may bring.

From the summits sought with pleasure,
While we stored up precious treasure,
Paths of usefulness we see.
Wisely guided in our choosing,
Loving classmates though we're losing,
Still our hearts must thankful be.

Stay, O gates, while we are casting
One look backward, fond and lasting,
On the days so swiftly sped.
Touch us, Time, with soft caressing,
Send, O Heaven, thy choicest blessing,
As the onward paths we tread.

TOOK FIRST PREMIUM.

FARMER Jones met Farmer Brown,
When cattle fair was ended ;
The latter he was going to town
To get his ox-cart mended.

“ Fine critters, them,” said Farmer Jones,
From off his wagon leaping,
To see if he could feel their bones ;
The oxen fell a sleeping.

“ Yes, pretty tol’rable, they are,”
Said Farmer Brown, right gladly ;
“ Took first premium at the f’ar ;
That ain’t a doin’ badly.”

Said Farmer Jones : “ Naw, ’tain’t, that’s so,
First premium ’s quite a prize, sir ;
But tell me, do you chance to know
Who got one less in size, sir ? ”

“ Wal! Wal! You know, the truth to tell,
Wait till I think a minute,”
Said Farmer Brown ; “ If I think well,
No others entered in it.”

UNSATISFIED.

A COTTAGE white, beneath the shade
Of spreading cherry tree and elm,
A home by mother happier made
Than any palace in the realm.
Upon the step a sunburned boy,
With brier torn feet, all brown and bare,
His parents' fondest hope and joy,
Their greatest love, their constant care.
Yet mark how wistful are his eyes,
And as they meet his mother's face,
"I want to be a man," he sighs ;
"I'm tired of this stupid place."
Long years glide by ; the barefoot lad
Becomes a man, grown old and gray.
Life's little taste of joy he 's had,
And now he 's thinking of the day
So long since fled, when first he yearned
To reach his manhood's golden prime.
He moans : "Life's truest bliss I spurned.
Oh, to relive youth's golden time !
To taste once more the cup of joy
I passed so heedless, long ago !
To be again a barefoot boy
Would be the greatest boon I know !"

A TRUE MAN'S LOVE.

NO barrier of blood or creed,
No adamant wall of race,
Of worldly gain no miser greed,
Will man's true love for man efface.

Though stormy seas may roll between,
Though all their ways of life divide,
True men are hand in hand, I ween,
And each is by the other's side.

Such hearts love best their native land,
But still for other men can feel,
And bravely by that hero stand,
Who 's prostrate 'neath a tyrant's heel.

THE ABANDONED FARM.

LONELY and drear, in night's radiance pale,
Sombre and gray, 'gainst the low, wind-swept hill,
Standeth the home, where little ones hale
Long ago scampered and shouted at will.

Weird are the shadows that creep o'er the floor,
Where in the long ago wee toddlers played;
Black as the midnight the now long-closed door,
Through which at even each tired straggler strayed.

Silent are rafters that rung with their mirth,
Save for the night wind's low whistle of woe;
Gone is each son from the place of his birth,
Fled from the scenes that his childhood did know.

WHERE ART THOU?

WHERE art thou, to-night, I wonder,
As the distant shadows creep
O'er the ocean and the woodland,
Ere the world is hushed in sleep?

Do you know what cares distress us?
Do you know how deep we love
Ev'ry token left behind you,
When you took your flight above?

Brother, do you know our sorrow?
Have you shared our earthly woe?
Do you know the cross we've carried
Since we laid you 'neath the snow?

Did your spirit hover near us,
In the lonely midnight hours,
When the world was wrapped in slumber,
Hushed all mourning, only ours?

You were blest more than all others,
Jesus loved you best of all;
For he took you ere earth's sorrow
Wrapped us each in its dread pall.

God be with you, lying lonely
On the hill beneath the pines;
God be with you, darling brother,
In the world where his love shines.

THE DEAD HOPE.

I HAD a hope so sweet and fond,
So noble and so purely right,
My whole soul could not but respond
When aught was breathed against its might.
I nourished it, I prayed and yearned
To have that one hope all fulfilled ;
But cruel fate, so ruthless, spurned
My poor request, my great hope killed.

Forlorn and sad, like one bereft
Of all the joy that earth can give,
Despoiled, without one bright ray left,
I only wished to cease to live.
Days glided by, and other schemes
Were sent to fill the void thus made ;
New prospects showed ; I dreamed new dreams ;
My old one knew but by the shade
Which fell upon me oftentimes,
As I sat musing o'er the days,
When, cheered by all its merry chimes,
I chased the old hope o'er rough ways.

It may be I have sadder grown,
By knowing I can be deceived ;
But still my old hope has not flown,
And left me wholly unrelieved ;
For fate to me grants greater strength
To bear my grief than it might give,
To help me through life's days' dull length,
Had it but let my old hope live.

SUNSHINE.

THE world will seem all dark or bright,
Just as a person views it,
And each will find sufficient light,
If he will only use it.

To-day peer through a heavy cloud,
You'll find the same to-morrow—
Joy's winding-sheet, a cold grey shroud,
To chill your life with sorrow.

Cast open the doors of secret cells,
Where skeleton woes are lying;
Life's sunshine entering gloom dispels,
And sets dull cares a flying.

We love the ev'ning shadows long,
That lend the morn fresh brightness;
Then hate not woes which make all strong
To test the glad world's lightness.

But stretch not midnight gloom around,
To mix with glow of morning,
Lest neither light nor shade be found
Our life's dull day adorning.

A LILT FROM THE LIBRARY.

SIGHING for friends who will ne'er prove faithless,
Seeking an ideal soul to find,
Needing a hero forever scathless,
Come to my halls and I'll suit your mind.

Dost the narrow walk of life grow weary,
And the soul within thee ever sigh
For a grander way than passes dreary
Which join this life to the one on high?

I am the home of the minds of ages,
Princes of thought in my alcoves bask,
Friends you may make of the wisest sages,
Counsel of them you must needs but ask.

Poets you'll catch in their gayest brightness,
When their hearts beat high with the dreams of life.
Souls all attuned but to joyful lightness,
Sounding no answering chord in strife.

From the madding rush of life's bright pleasures.
Hopes of youth or the cares of thy age,
Come to me sure to find priceless treasures,
Hidden for thee on sweet learning's page.

ONE MORE.

ONE more has joined the mystic host beyond,
One more is waiting for us over there,
One more has passed this earthly loving fond,
One more has reached the holy realms of pray'r.
One more strong, guiding hand has left his task,
One more has won at last his well-earned crown,
One more has pierced this transient, earthly mask,
One more has laid life's burdens gently down.
One more, O God, why send this deep heart pain?
One more, and this my father, friend and guide.
One more; O Jesus, ever gentle, deign
Once more to comfort those thou well dost chide.

THE YOUTH'S REPLY.

HE knows there's room on top, my friend;
Don't force that on the yearning mind,
Which gropes in shades that darkly blend
To hide the path he seeks to find.

Youth 's with the multitude below,
The way is crowded at the start;
The lesser life each soul must know
Before it bears the victor's part.

'Tis easy when first heights are scaled,
For those who must alone begin,
The place, where hosts of braves have failed,
Is where the race they entered in.

A fearless heart, a will of might,
True love to lighten ev'ry care,
A hope that no defeat can blight,
The top, ah, these must lead one there.

THE WORONOCO VALLEY.

SWEET valley ! Blessed home among the hills !
The mem'ries of my childhood are with thee ;
Thou art the background of the scene that fills
My heart with tearful, happy melody.
Sweet valley ! Wheresoe'er in future days
My feet may wander in the paths of life,
E'en though my lot be cast on roughest ways,
A thought of thee wilt arm me for the strife.
Oh, how I love, sweet vale, thy grey green hills,
Thy splendid sunsets, graved upon my heart.
The music of thy gliding waters stills
My throbbing pulses, aching for the start
Upon the outward way, which casts behind
The scenes by childhood mem'ries sanctified.
Sweet valley home ! Long must I search to find
A scene like thine, to me as glorified.

BORROWERS.

WE may not seek to live anew,
To think a thought none else has known ;
To see one cloud of azure blue
That to no former age was shown.

The world is old in thought and dress,
We live as others lived before ;
The beauties, which our being bless,
Will come to comfort hundreds more.

No verse as sweet as heaven's own chimes
Is heard in this our learned age;
But e'en the same hath many times
Been felt by former poets sage.

The thought I deem my very own
Comes mayhap from another's book;
My dream bird from afar hath flown,
My knowledge from the world I took.

We have no jot that's truly ours,
Our all is borrowed from the past;
We'll send it on with all our powers
When we have used it to the last.

O, by-gone days, our thanks are due
For the rich store to us you gave;
Acknowledgment we'll give to you,
Throughout this pathway to the grave.

A PARODY.

THE whistle blows the knell of toilsome day,
The hurried crowds rush gaily home to tea,
The editor doth hasten fast away
And leaves his sanctum to your poetry.

Beneath that rugged pile, that death's dark shade,
Where lies the waste in many a saddening heap,
Each in its resting-place at last well laid,
The precious missives that you sent him sleep.

Let not great authors mock your useful toil,
The fame you long for, though you die obscure ;
You give him work who doth your bright hopes spoil,
Who dares your author's craze to try to cure.

Perhaps in this unlonged-for spot is laid
Some jewel that had passed through poet's fire,
Some treatise that this nation might have swayed,
Some love note, sweet as that of storied lyre.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The editor's waste paper baskets bear ;
Full many a flame of thought must burn unseen,
And waste its fire on the sanctum's air.

HOME JOYS.

[LET them enjoy it, mother,
The old home on the hill,
For days are coming surely,
When 'twill be lone and still.

When sons will leave forever
That haven blest behind,
And girls start from the dwelling
Round which their youth is twined.

Give them glad mem'ries, mother,
Of childhood's sunny day,
To cling about the old home
When they are far away.

Of all its myriad pleasures,
The choicest keep in store
For wee folks, who some day, dear,
Will leave to come no more.

TOO BUSY.

TOO busy, to climb the winding stair
To give to your love a good-by kiss ;
Too busy, to cease the wear and tear
Of life for a draught of earthly bliss.

Too busy, as stronger shadows creep
Across your face, with its deepening lines,
Into baby hearts to lightly peep,
To bask in the peace which o'er them shines.

Too busy, to linger at the board
When eventide splendors gild the earth,
To list to the ever-growing hoard
Of boyish caprice or girlish mirth.

Too busy, when night floats softly down,
And sendeth her angels on your way,
To beckon you into dreamland town,
Too busy, your cares at rest to lay.

Too busy ! Ah, yes ! Too rushed to live.
We're serving the servant that God gave ;
We're living to work, for few dare give
A thought from the toil which brands a slave.

Too busy ! 'Tis true, through life's short years,
How madly we seek death's yawning deep !
Away ! What care we for joy or tears ?
Full soon on the earth's cold breast we'll sleep.

And there we'll find time ! Ah, yes, to lie
All silently sleeping years away !
"Too busy to live !" the winds will sigh,
As o'er us they rush, nor seek to stay.

WORSE OFF.

I N the crowded city streets,
When the winds were wild and cold,
'Mid the crowd that ceaseless beats,
Stood a cripple, worn and old,
Begging on the common way;
And his look, so worn and sad,
Told how dark was his life's day,
Little his to make him glad.

Mournful was the glance he cast
At the hurried, passing throng;
Few of those who by him passed
Stopped to listen to his song.
Pennies scarce were in his hat,
As raising it unto his head,
Murmured he: "I wish but that
I were numbered with the dead."

All the crowds who by him thronged
Had, to sweeten life, some bliss;
He had none and felt sore wronged.
Who knew misery such as his?
Glancing down to hide the tear
That now glistened on his cheek,
In a corner cold and drear,
He beheld a vision meek.

With no voice to tell his woe,
And no hands to toil for bread,
Sat a man, who well could show
'Tis a blessing to be dead.

And the other crippled man,
Proud to own one wounded hand,
Said: "I give you all I can,
For I know just how you stand."

Ev'ry coin within his purse
Poured he in the other's cap,
Thinking: "He is even worse
Than myself, the poor old chap;
Yet he wears a smiling face,
Seems contented with his lot.
Strange, though ours is a hard place,
Some one else a worse has got."

So the crippled beggar sad
Started out in life anew,
When he found another lad
Was e'en worse off of the two.
Thus we live; a darkened life
Brings out sunshine in our own,
And a home where sorrow 's rife
Shows our joy bird has not flown.

THE EV'RY DAY MAN.

SING us a song of the ev'ry day man,
No hero who rolls into fame,
None of the leaders who drive in the van,
That 's racing to win a great name.

Steady of the nation that 's honored for e'er,
He 's humble, yet proud of his land ;
Ready a brave heart to battle to bear,
For God and his nation to stand.

Seeking no honor for doing his best,
He toils all the day with a will,
Whether he follows sweet learning's behest,
Or some humbler station doth fill.

TO A GRADUATE.

YOU'RE leaving now the dear, familiar ways,
Earth's purest joys, perchance life's brightest days.
As on you go, dear friend,
The coming hours will oft be lone and drear,
You'll miss the hand to guide, the voice to cheer,
When o'er you clouds do bend.

Full oft the darkest hours come first in life,
As fiercest conflicts oft begin the strife.
If such should be your lot,
Be constant as the faith your learning gives ;
Strive nobly on ; he only truly lives
Who battles but yields not.

And when the hours of conflict for you cease,
Ah, sweeter far will be the time of peace,
And to your soul more dear,
Because you conquered in the fierce affray.
Whose strength is tested, if he wins the day
Has thence no need to fear.

CASTLE BUILDERS.

HEIGH-HO! Castle builders!
By life's storm-tossed, seething wave,
Builders all, the true, the brave,
And the coward and the knave,
Building ever to the grave,
Castle building!

Heigh-ho! Castle builders!
Building for the waves to dash
Into atoms with a crash,
Building for a lightning flash
To lay low—what childish, rash
Castle building!

Heigh-ho! Castle builders!
Is it not far better so?
As life's sorrows come and go,
And our hopes are buried low,
We have still one joy to show,
Castle building!

DREAMLAND BRIDGES.

DREAMLAND bridges, arching rivers, roaring on to meet
the sea,

We have crossed your crazy structures with a babe's temerity;
We have seen the mighty torrent, roaring, tumbling, down
below,

Felt our pulses throbbing, aching, as across the bridge we'd go.

Dreamland bridges, spanning chasms eyes of ours shall ne'er
behold;

In the hours of life most blessed friends your dangers all have
told,

Till we'd start, and, in our anguish, caring naught for present
bliss,

We have rushed to find your tortures, rushed to hear the
serpents hiss.

Dreamland bridges, would to heaven we could never see them
more!

But 'tis ours to build and cross them, build and cross them, o'er
and o'er;

Rear we then each bridge securely, not in trembling and in
fears,

Heed not we the sad'ning whisper of the woe fiend in our ears.

Dreamland bridges, arching ever placid streams of noble joy,

Leading on to vales elysian, where there's peace with no alloy,

These we'll build; with God to aid us, they will lead us on to
him,

Past the rocky, narrow pathway, where life's light too oft is
dim.

A MEMORY.

THROUGH the mellow, mad'ning music,
Fancy paints for me a scene,
More beloved and more enchanting
Than aught else on earth, I ween.
'Tis a homely scene of comfort—
Parents, sisters, and the boys,
Each life wrapped within the others,
Shared we all the dear home joys.
Griefs? There were none in that mystic,
Golden time of long ago.
Shadows? Yes, they came and vanished,
In our true love's peaceful glow.
Faded now is all the vision,
Death hath entered the loved band,
Gone are all the childish pleasures,
Robbed were we by time's cold hand.

LANTERN LIGHTS.

EACH may not be a leading light,
Set on the mount of fame,
Nor can each shine so wondrous bright,
Earth will reflect the flame.

Some lesser lights are needed here,
To brighten by-ways dark,
To make the common paths more clear,
Their stumbling blocks to mark.

These tiny lights may better be,
Their duty better do,
Than those which all may plainly see,
Whose good the world may view.

Fate may have made our lamp less bright
Than others which we know ;
Ours may be but a lantern light
Condemned through life to go.

But even so, if clean and clear
Our flame be kept and bright,
We'll ne'er have cause for shame or fear
From our wee lantern light.

AT THE ENTRANCE.

BEHOLD! A glint of gladness,
A shade of earthly woe,
A mingling joy and sadness,
As to new fields we go.

For you, our shepherd holy,
Now standing in life's prime,
A minor tone must slowly
With all the joy bells chime.

There 's joy for higher duty,
There 's grief for days now fled;
You 've reached life's noblest beauty,
Its simpler joys are dead.

But oh, how sweet the thinking
That thousands bless your way,
Rejoiced that you are drinking
At honor's fount to-day.

Lo! baby prayers ascending,
With those of men grown old,
At God's white throne are blending,
For him to bless your fold.

Oh, father, friend the truest,
Thy people's prayers to-day
Must bless whate'er thou doest
In all life's onward way.

TO A SOUTHERN NEGRO.

ARISE! You've borne full long the weary burden,
You've trodden well the path of grief and toil.
Arise! And claim as but your well-earned guerdon
The rights of natives of your country's soil.

Arise! The way before can bear no sorrow
As great as those your kindred left behind.
Arise! Behold, a fairer, grander morrow,
If rightly sought your race must needs be find.

Arise! We bid you God speed, aid we proffer,
We stretch to you a brother's friendly hand.
Arise! Let none the slightest insult offer
If 'gainst us all he dares not take his stand.

Arise! Downtrodden, crushed, and long-forsaken,
For you there 's room upon a higher plain.
Arise! Your stunned ambition proudly waken,
Life holds no prize you may not seek to gain.

AN IDEALIST.

“ONLY a dreamer,” so they say,
“Merely a man of this later day,
Coming to earth a century late,
Doomed to suffer a dreamer’s fate.”

“Only a dreamer!” hear them scoff,
Yet to the dreams of the past they doff
Their hats, and their praises loud ascend,
As before the dreamer’s dream they bend.

Only a dreamer! Be it so!
The grandest, greatest, here below,
Have dreamed their dreams in their neighbors’ scorn
Until the child of their hopes was born.

Only a dreamer of our time,
Gifted with all the strength to climb,
Heed not the idle rabble around,
Who ’d level all to their own base ground.

Only a dreamer! Dream away!
What tho’ success ne’er crowns your day?
Live out your life as your mind doth tell,
This done, oh dreamer, and all is well.

LOVE LILTS.



LOVE.

WHAT love? Ah, yes, this worn-out theme
May yet be meet for poet's dream.
Avaunt ye churls, who dare to deem
It can no more with glory teem,
This love! Sweet love!

It is our nature's only hope,
Life, beauty, truth, lie in its scope;
Man must indeed become a mope,
Who dares without love's flame to grope,
This love! Sweet love!

The word would starve without its joy,
Without love's passion, grand and coy,
Which brings alike to man and boy
Live happiness without alloy,
This love! Sweet love!

It holds together human life,
Binds soul to soul as man and wife,
Shuts out all ignorance and strife,
And kills foul fiends of hatred rife,
This love! Sweet love!

Without it man becomes a knave,
A low and miserable slave
Of passions, which the soul deprave;
It is our hope beyond the grave,
This love! Sweet love!

A COQUETTE'S CONFESSION.

I N love? Ah, yes, how can I tell
The times I've felt that mystic spell?
You see, my heart 's so filled with love,
It ne'er could hold one turtle-dove
And own itself full satisfied.
Nay, now, 'tis useless quite to chide!
The kinds I've loved? Well, let me see!
A blonde, brunette! Oh, verily,
It were a task too useless, far,
Look in my album, there they are.
Oh, yes, their names I quite forget!
Good fellows all, and yet, and yet,
I loved each one, and could again,
In fact, I love all youngish men.
My heart abounds in charity,
The kind that binds all men to me,
But leaves me free to go unhurt
Whene'er I seek to end the flirt.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

SHE stood within her chamber there,
A child, and yet a woman fair.
A child, ah yes, though twenty years
She'd passed, with all their joys and tears.
And yet a woman, angel bright,
As free, as lovely, as the light
Which played upon the golden hair,
That fell upon her shoulders bare.
A something, ah, what could it be,
Had stirred her feelings wondrously.
A something whispered sweet and low :
“ I come life's truest bliss to show.
Prepare thyself, my beauteous queen,
For, ere another sun is seen,
The heart that now beats calm and free,
Thy very own, my slave shall be ;
For I am love, the willful sprite,
I'll claim you for mine own, this night.”
She tossed aside the curling hair,
And kneeling, prayed the simple prayer
Each day at eventide she'd told,
“ Behold thy handmaid, Lord, behold.”
Then added : “ If perchance 'tis mine
To worship at a worldly shrine,
To know a manly, earthly love,
Then let it lead me far above
The sordid passions of the time,
To purer fields, a brighter clime,
Than merely human lives can show.
A Christian love, Lord, let me know.”

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

A MAIDEN stood by the misty sea,
In twilight's witching gloam;
With smile of hope and girlish glee
She watched a ship come home.

"'Twill bring my love to me," she cried,
"My sailor boy, so gay."
She proudly watched the vessel ride
The blue waves, far away.

Gaze on, sweet maid, your dream enjoy,
But ah, the wak'ning woe!
You'll see no more your sailor boy,
He lies the waves below.

Oh, maidens, watching ships to land,
With freight of bliss untold,
Smile on, while yet they near the strand,
Ere yet your share you hold.

Our ships do sail a stormy sea,
Whose dangers none may know;
The hope most cherished, love, by thee,
May now lie far below.

A JUST REBUKE.

WHAT right have you to seek a woman's love,
The greatest prize on earth, in heaven above?
You dare this gem of gems to boldly claim.
What right, with sullied honor, sullied name?

The maid is pure as angel from on high,
As happy, too, she knows nor tear nor sigh.
Why force yourself into this sinless life,
You, but the wasted wreck of passions rife?

Begone! retrace your steps since first you turned
From right, its pure, sweet beauty spurned;
Live o'er in thought the deeds you've done so well,
The deeds of wrong which now must toll your knell.

You own your nothingness, then take it hence,
Nor bid a guileless girl to follow thence.
Begone! and bear your shame and grief alone,
In peace depart ere yet we cast a stone.

THE DEAD LOVE.

DISTANT shadows soft are creeping
O'er the mountain and the lea ;
All my love is in thy keeping,
For my heart I gave to thee.

Oh, my loved one, dost thou ever,
As the twilight shadows fall,
Think of her, whom death didst sever
From thee? Canst thou hear my call?

Life and love were in thy keeping ;
All my love is now at rest
In the grave where thou art sleeping,
Thou, the truest and the best.

Onward slowly I am gliding,
Yearningly I watch for thee ;
In the land of light abiding,
We shall yet united be.

A STUDY.

YOU hear the maiden's merry laugh,
Her singing, blithe and gay,
And deem 'tis hers to ever quaff
But nectar by the way.

You see her careless, free, and bright,
Her starry eyes aglow,
And think, "With you 'tis never night,
Oh, would that I were so."

Poor man, you know not girlish wiles,
Nor aught of woman's ways;
For oft a maiden's sweetest smiles
Shine forth on darkest days.

The ringing laugh is oft a sigh,
The song a love dirge drear;
Her way a cloak when love is by,
'Neath which she feels no fear.

But catch the lassie unaware,
When tear drops dim her eyes;
You'll find what depth of soul is there,
That she 's both staid and wise.

You'll find, perchance, this light heart gay,
'Tis yet your task to learn;
You'll marvel at the distant day
You thought she grief did spurn.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! Farewell! The tide of life
Is drifting us apart;
We two again may never speak
And answer, heart to heart.

Farewell! It was a cruel blow
That tore me thus from you.
Farewell! The best beloved of all,
The soul I thought most true.

My heart is sore and ne'er again
Will beat so warm and free;
Our barks might well have glided on
Together o'er life's sea.

But oh, you willed it otherwise!
How cruel was the thrust
Which started us on dif'rent ways,
How heartless and unjust!

Farewell! Farewell! No more to meet,
As in the days gone by!
Farewell! Across the wid'ning gulf
You yet may hear my cry.

Farewell! Our barks may never meet
Again upon life's sea;
But oh, we're headed for one port,
Where all may righted be.

Farewell! And may God give us both
A pleasant voyage o'er,
Though neither knows a love intense
As that each had of yore.

THE OLD FASHIONED KISS.

'TWAS only a simple, silly flirt,
Just that, with neither wrong nor hurt,
Begun for naught but just the glee
Of flirting; and well he, well he,
He liked the sport as well as I,
And that was how we came to try
The art of being friends, no more;
You know that art 's been tried before.
'Twas thus we sailed far, far away,
Before we tried our course to stay,
And then we found we ne'er could part,
We'd made a far too friendly start.
Love, shall we e'er forget the day,
When, pausing on that happy way,
We owned with youthful gladness shy,
'Twere time at length for us to try
That sweet experiment of bliss,
My manly lover's maiden kiss?

LIFE'S LESSON.

IN childhood's happy vale they strayed,
Sweet innocence a heaven made
Of earth, no soul to them betrayed
The dangers of life's ways.
They dreamed the dear, old dream of love,
And gay as bird or turtle-dove,
As bright as angel from above,
Was each through childhood's days.

"We ne'er shall part, we ne'er shall part!"
He cried; "I love none else, sweet heart!
We'll seek no fame in worldly mart,
Content to love and rest."
She spurned his love, her mind was rife
With thoughts of fame in future life.
She cried, "Seek honor ere a wife;
The first is greatest, best."

"To live unknown is now a shame;
Seek fortune, glory, honor, fame,
Before you offer me your name;
Love wins me not alone."
He listened to the words she spoke;
His mirth arose, she must but joke;
But when the truth upon him broke,
His heart became as stone.

He pleaded: "Why earth's honor seek?
Love, humble, innocent and meek,
Is stronger far, false fame is weak;
Our love is half our life.

Here in this humble cot we'll stay,
Nor seek to tread yon mountain way,
Secluded here we'll pass our day,
Come, darling, be my wife."

She tossed her dainty head on high;
"I'll tread the mount of fame or die;
For joy to me can come not nigh,
Without its sister, fame."
He tarried, and she left him there,
A weary, saddened man of care,
Forever breathing but one prayer,
"Come back! Come back, sweet dame!"

She reached at length the mountain crest,
She'd followed fame with eager zest,
And caught it, too, the fairest, best,
That of it earth can give.
But oh! her life was sad, forlorn,
Full many weights of care she'd borne,
Her tender heart with grief was torn,
While seeking how to live.

Her fame but brought her added care,
And oft made dark days of the fair.
She longed for strength to boldly dare
The hill to now descend,
To seek the tiny, modest cot,
Where he, her love, had cast his lot.
He would not chide, she knew he'd not,
Her way to him she'd wend.

She came and stood before his door ;
A tot'ring step came o'er the floor,
Her love an age unwieldy bore,

His face she scarcely knew.
He gazed at her with eyes grown dim
With watching ; as she gazed at him
Her brain began to reel and swim.

She cried, " I've come to you ! "

" I climbed the height to fortune's fold,
Climbed as a trav'ler, sure and bold ;
I found the region deathly cold,

For love there never came.
And now, all travel stained and grim,
My youth gone and my brightness dim,
I've come to ask a boon of him,

My love, give love for fame."

" Give back the love I tossed away
In childhood's simple, happy day,
When pleading would not force to stay

My eager, willing feet."

He clasped her to his heart and said :

" At length, when life is well nigh sped,
Your lesson 's learned ; this day we'll wed,
Earth's joy to-day we greet."

AN ALIBI.

AH, no! It was not you I claimed
The king of heart and hand;
And 'twere, I well should feel ashamed
To take a woman's stand.
It was a being most divine,
An ideal bright and true;
The glory of my love's bright shine
Had lent that form to you.
I loved an almost godlike man,
Endowed with heart and mind
So much above the av'rage plan,
His equal ne'er I'll find.
But now the dream hath been dispelled;
With neither tear nor sigh
I own my love's fire has been quelled,
You proved an alibi.

A WOMANLY REPLY.

I BID you to take back your love,
I scorn your proffered gold.
Think you I e'er could look above,
And yet such booty hold!
The cries of baby lips for bread,
The mother's deep heart woe,
The crimes of all your drunken dead,
Would haunt and taunt me so.
Take back your love, if such it be,
For none have I to give
To one too selfish e'er to see
The death that others live—
Aye, live, to keep you stocked with gold,
To keep your hands from toil.
Away! Go count the crimes untold
God reckons as your spoil.

A woman free, and brave, and true
To all that's great and best,
Could never link herself to you,
You stand no moral test.
The one who'd barter souls for pelf,
The helpless child who'd wrong,
Would soon forget all else but self,
Would love no woman long.
But were your love as firm and true
As yon unchanging sun,
I'd proudly say, "Rumseller, you
And I can ne'er be one."

A MAIDEN'S KISS.

O H, friend, it is a sacred thing,
A maiden's true love kiss,
As holy as a wedding ring,
A symbol too like this.

Oh, friend, unless your heart be true,
Ask not this love sign sure;
In kissing she will give to you
A heart that 's sweet and pure.

Oh, friend, deign not to win her love,
To ask for kisses shy,
Unless, as sure as God 's above,
You'll love her till you die.

Oh, friend, it is a sacred thing,
A maiden's true love kiss,
As holy as a wedding ring,
A symbol too like this.

A THANKSGIVING OFFERING.

THANKS for the gift you gave to me,
'Twas priceless, rich and rare ;
Thanks for your insincerity,
Your lying love's fond snare.

Thanks for the lesson that I learned
From your too cunning plan ;
Thanks for awakened hope, that yearned
To love a manly man.

Thanks for the dream I dreamed of you,
In girlhood's happy day ;
Thanks for the god I had in view
In you, a mass of clay.

Thanks for the crime of your deceit,
Thanks for the mask now off ;
My love lay at a true man's feet,
A hypocrite I scoff.

Thanks for the nobler, higher life,
'Tis mine to freely seek ;
Thanks that I ne'er became your wife,
You knave, so childish weak.

Thanks for the truth none else could teach
You branded on my heart ;
Thank God, I stand above your reach,
His love holds us apart.

STEPHANO.

SPLENDID was the fete day's glory,
Hosts of men went marching round,
Men of youth and men grown hoary,
Following the drum's loud sound.
With the crowd that watched them all,
Stood a maiden, noble, tall,
With another, pert and small.

Lingered they beside the highway,
Watching all with eager eyes,
When from out a narrow by-way,
Came to them a glad surprise;
Came Stephano them to greet,
Came with eager, flying feet,
To the maidens, coy and sweet.

Love from out each face was shining,
As they stood to gossip there;
Love each heart was close entwining,
Binding both the maidens fair.
To but one his love had flown,
She, the older, was his own,
In his heart love seed she'd sown.

Gaily swelled the music's sweetness,
Merrily the time rolled past;
Love now worked with 'customed fleetness,
Bound them all in bondage fast.
Both the maidens gave a heart,
Gave it freely in love's mart,
His had left him at the start.

Months passed on and neither maiden
Had received one word from him,
From Stephano, who was laden
With two loves, which made life grim.
She, the little lassie coy,
Gave her heart and gave her joy
To this gay, young college boy.

Soon her life became a burden,
And she only longed to die ;
Death was e'en the only guerdon
That she prayed for from on high.
And she made life's journey fast ;
Ere the summer days had passed
She had looked on earth her last.

When Stephano heard her story,
Heard the cause of all her grief,
Vowed he : " Life for me meant glory,
But my reign of joy was brief ;
I have caused a maid to die,
Live her life out in a sigh ;
Henceforth joy must pass me by."

" I have robbed one life of pleasure,
Mine must for this waste in woe ;
So, my darling, noble treasure,
Far from thee I now must go.
I have vowed I ne'er shall wed,
Hungry love will not be fed,
God may join us when we're dead."

“I for him shall pass existence
In his chosen clergy’s field ;
Oh, my love, make no resistance,
Let me to my conscience yield.”
Faithful, in the greatest, least
Task that comes at toil or feast,
Is Stephano, sainted priest.

ONLY A FRIEND.

ONLY a friend, fate willed it so,
Merely a common, passing friend ;
But ah, for a friend I loved him so,
Loved to the bitter, cruel end.

Only a friend, we could, we deemed,
Safely the path of friendship tread ;
Serenely gay, we never dreamed
We victims were of love’s passion dread.

And how we laughed at tales of love,
By dreamy poets quaintly told ;
Yet Cupid, from his throne above,
E’en then had aimed an arrow bold.

Each wounded was, yet knew it not,
Till we tried our ways apart to take ;
Ah, then we felt the fatal shot,
One stride ahead could neither make.

Only a friend, good-by, good-by !
Only a common, passing friend !
Only a friend, nor sob nor sigh
Must any know our hearts did rend.

Only a friend, 'twas willed by fate,
And yet we loved and must love yet ;
Only a friend, through this weary wait,
Till life in eternity's crown is set.

A MEMORY.

A MEMORY ! Ah, no, that cannot be, Armine,
We've loved too well to let it e'er be so ;
You cannot drift from out my life, I ween,
For wheresoe'er you flee my heart must go,
Armine ! Armine !

What though a bitter fate should sever us, Armine ?
You still my light and life must ever be,
For through the distance would your love be seen ;
Oh, Armine, you would still be true to me,
Armine ! Armine !

A memory ! Ah, no, that cannot be, Armine,
A living love must e'er be thine and mine,
For heart to heart we're bound, my own, my queen,
You are my life, you can be none but mine,
Armine ! Armine !

CHILDISH LOVE.

TWO children wandered hand in hand
Beside the purling stream ;
The zephyrs soft their faces fanned,
They dreamed the old, old dream.

The old, old dream of peaceful love,
To last till life should cease ;
The mellowed sunlight played above,
And bade them dream in peace.

Years glided by, and ruthless time
Cut loose the ties that bound
The childish hearts ; another clime
Of hope did hedge them round.

Oh, happy dream of youthful joy,
Love's first and brightest hour,
Unmixed with earthly cares' alloy,
Blest be fore'er your power.

THE FATAL KISS.

HE could not help it, so he said,
And mayhap he said true ;
He owned he straightway was ashamed
So bold a deed to do.
'Twas sweet, that kiss he stole from me,
But oh, 'twas fatal quite ;
No more mere friends could we two be,
That kiss denied the right.

It was our friendship's dying sigh;
As lovers we must meet,
Or gravely pass as strangers by,
As strangers coldly greet.
And since I could not give my heart
Unto his keeping true,
That kiss our pleasant ways did part,
It was our sweet adieu.

A COY CALAMITY.

TO love or not to love? Oh, question tender,
Why should you rise to taunt her troubled mind?
Alas! her heart has lost its sole defender,
She lacks the coldness that she fain would find.
Oh, love, begone! She spurns your tender wooing,
You'd spoil her ev'ry hope and ev'ry plan.
Avaunt! You fain would be her great undoing,
She has no thought to waste on any man.
And yet, how oft she's forced to bow in meekness,
To own that love is woman's light and life;
Her noblest strength lies in her gentle weakness,
Her grandest sphere is as an humble wife.
But fate has oped for her another gateway,
Her path must lie outside love's chosen field.
So, Cupid, go! Oh, leave in pity straightway,
Before her heart unto your pleading yields.
Oh, coy calamity, she ne'er has sought you!
Ha, love! She boasts she ever spurned your power;
You came, yet step by step she bravely fought you,
At length she yields, oh, happy, happy hour.

YOU BID HER TO FORGET.

YOU bid her to forget the past,
Her happy, girlish dream ;
You say that you will part at last,
And must as strangers seem.
How coldly you can turn from her,
And leave her to her fate,
While she can love none else but you,
The one you bid her hate.

Forget? Think you she can forget
The vows of love you made,
As oft in twilight's gloam you met
And through its dim light strayed?
A childish love? It might be so,
But ah, 'twas sweet and true ;
'Tis yours to boldly forward go,
Her love abides with you.

She was a child, you won her heart,
'Tis yours since first you met ;
Too well you played the spider's part,
And caught her in your net.
And now, with all your pompous pride,
She loves you as her life ;
You yet will gladly seek her side,
And claim her as your wife.

AN AUTHOR'S TIRADE.

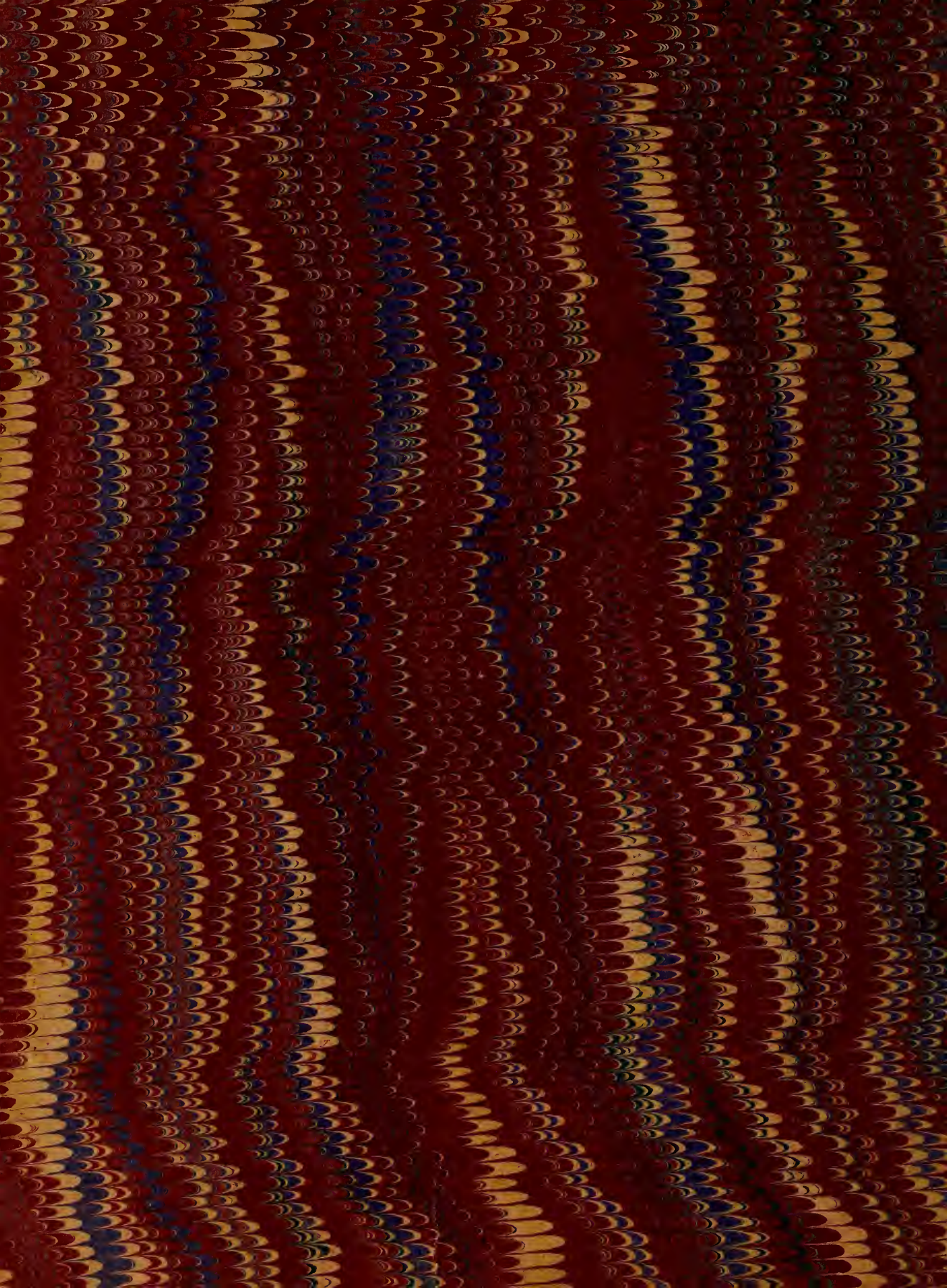
HO, love, avaunt ! nor dare invade
The solid fortress of my heart.
Begone, you silly sprite ! No maid
Of mind should ever take your part.
Away ! I spurn your flattery sweet,
My life I seek to live alone ;
I drive you hence with flying feet,
My heart must needs be made of stone.
Ah, yes, and yet I know that love,
The passion which I fain would hate,
Comes down to man from God above,
Is woman's truest, noblest fate ;
And she who doth this passion spurn,
Poor weary child of human fame,
Scoffs at the joy for which she'd yearn,
Did she not bear an author's name.
To love, to love, is woman's life ;
Her natural joy lies in the art
Of being just a loving wife,
In owning one big, manly heart.

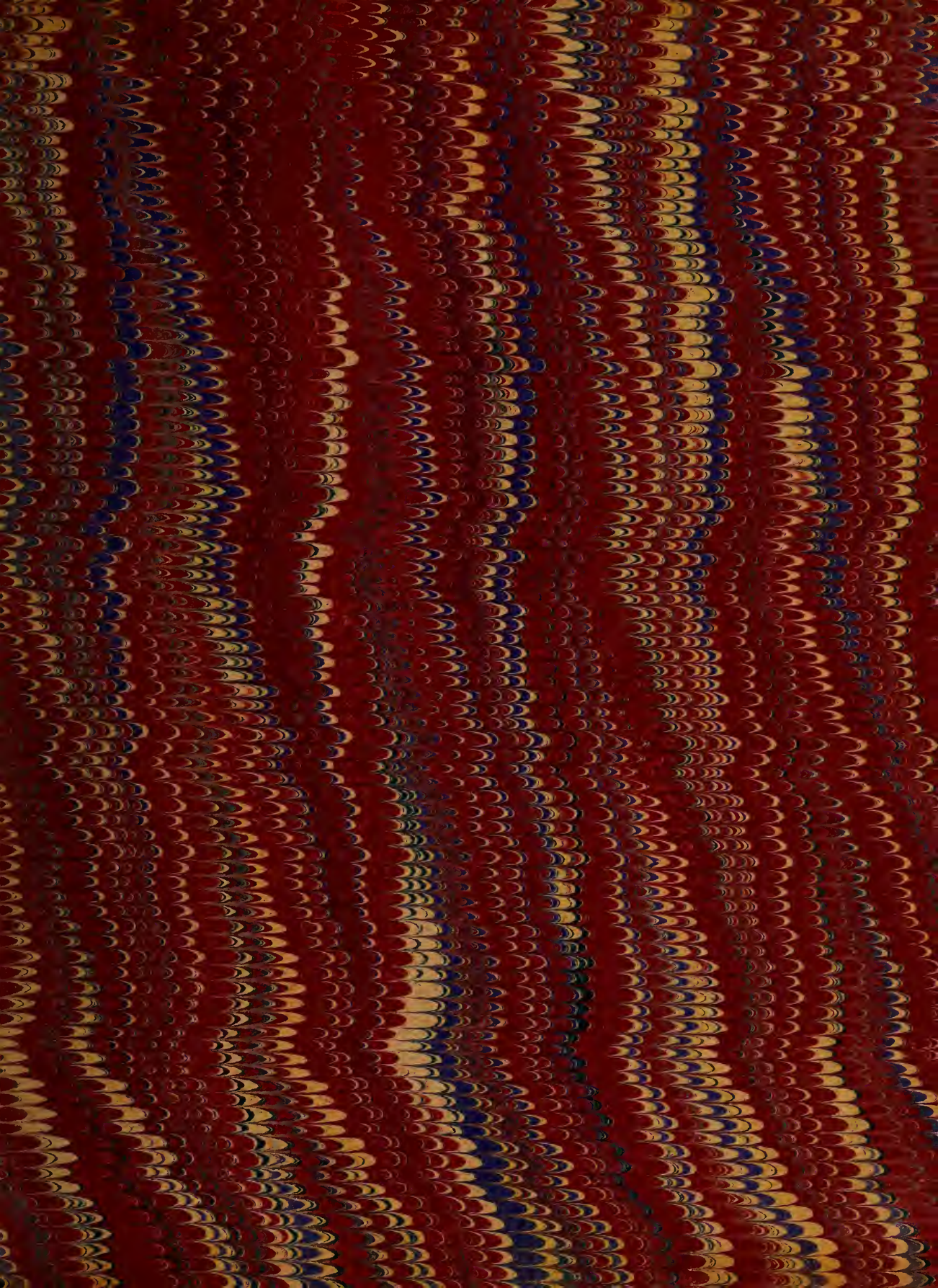
A PLEA FOR PARDON.

DEAR one, forgive me if I caused you pain
By friendship fond, which mayhap seemed far more.
Forgive me, though forsooth, I ne'er can deign
To give of love one mite past friendship's store.
Forgive me ere we part, perchance fore'er;
Let no unkindly feelings come between
To mar the beauty of our friendship fair,
E'en though we meet no more on earthly scene.
"Forgive! Forgive!" from out my heart I cry,
In pity say you hear my humble plea;
Forgive! And then that other word, "Good-by,"
The noblest one of all for thee and me.

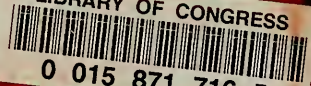
A SNAP SHOT LOVE.

ONLY a glance in the crowded hall,
Only a flash of the eye, 'twas all,
Yet each of them knew they'd met their fate,
As both of them paused at the lovers' gate.
Only a word, a "How do you do?"
With a look that told their feelings true.
Only a whisper, a fond good-by,
A smiling face which hid a sigh.
Only a farce, for they drifted far
Into the land where the dead loves are.
Only a little heart sorrow keen,
Only a wound which friends never have seen.
Only a sigh that again they'll meet
Where naught will their love's fond hopes defeat.





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